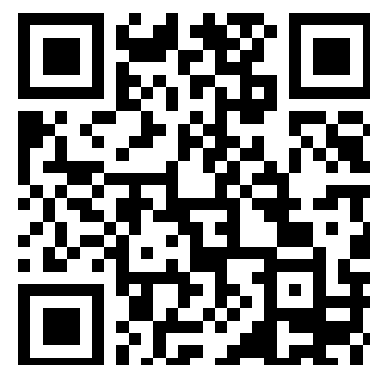

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Gems

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GEMS OF BEAUTY

DISPLAYED IN A SERIES OF
TWELVE HIGHLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS

OF

THE PASSIONS,

FROM

DESIGNS

BY E. T. PARRIS, ESQ.

WITH

Fanciful Illustrations,

IN VERSE,

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

BEAUTY'S GEMS HAVE SHONE THEIR HOUR;—
NOW FROM MINE, MORE RICH AND DEEP,
WITH A SPELL OF STERNER POWER
CALL WE PASSIONS FROM THEIR SLEEP.
DARK DESPAIR, AND PALE-EYED FEAR,
JEALOUSY, AND ANGER STRONG,
LOVE, O'ERMASTERING PAIN AND WRONG,
HOPE, THAT DOTH THE DOUBTING CHEER:—
GENTLE MAIDENS SMILE, AND TELL,
HAVE WE DONE YOUR BIDDING WELL?

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

DELLOY AND CO. PARIS.

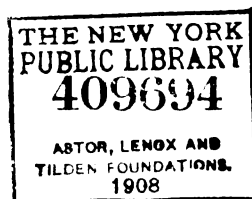
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AFFECTION.

AFFECTION!—seek her in a mother's heart;
There dwells she shrined, from worldly guile apart:
Each impulse guiding, governing each feeling,—
New, tender secrets every hour revealing:
No selfish thought comes near,—no paltry care,—
Her breath is incense, and her voice is prayer!

A mother's love! O holy, boundless thing!
Fountain, whose waters never cease to spring,
Falling, like dew, when all beside is sleeping,
The flowers around in life and beauty steeping:
O Love! the lord of many springs thou art;
Thy deepest, purest, in a mother's heart!

06
Transfer from Circ. Dept. Hamilton, N. Y. range
FEB 19 1908



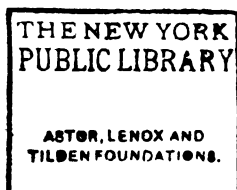
F. J. PARRIS

H. COLE

Handwritten signature

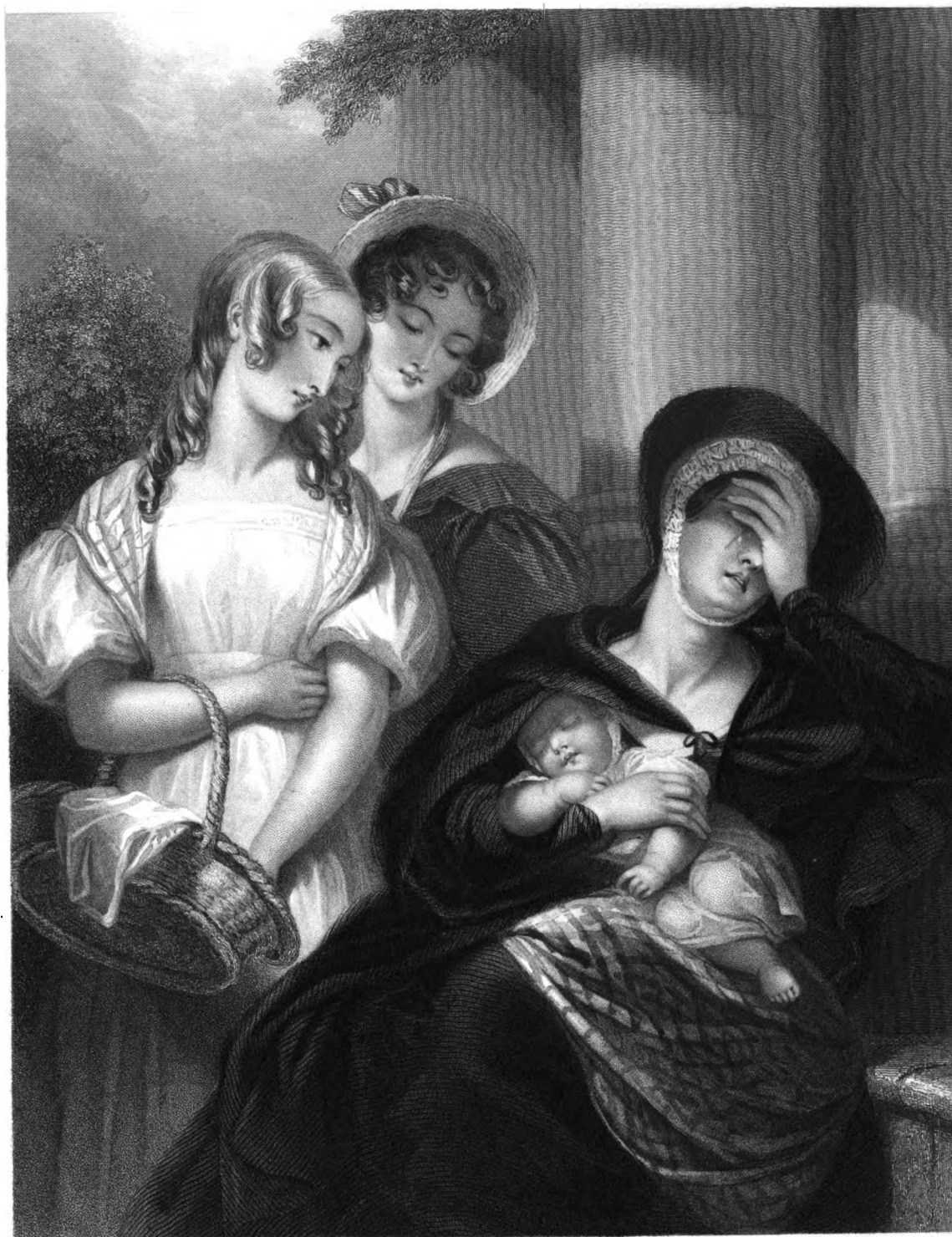
Printed by J. Smith, 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, London

Printed by J. Smith, 10, St. Paul's Churchyard, London



A N G E R.

'Twill drive me mad!—thou, at thy infant age!
Nay, then, we'll try the charm of chain and cage!
Dreaming, forsooth, of lover's step and song,
And stolen moonlight walk, and wheedling tongue:
Think not thou canst deceive my practised eye—
The creature's first advances I can spy.
No letter ever reached a maiden fair
Confided to my ever watchful care,
Till thou, my lady-bird! the while I slept,
Through yonder lattice assignation kept,
And up, with silken cord, his writing drew.—
I'll teach thee, minion, thy device to rue!
O what a sinful world, alas! alas!
When boys must follow maidens ev'n to mass;
And poor duennas cannot breathe a prayer,
For looking round lest sly gallants should stare:
No more shall I dare sleep at sultry noon:
Seest not, how shivering 'neath the cold pale moon,
Mine aged limbs are chilled?—But all my aches
Thou heed'st not, cruel!—Well, whene'er he wakes,
Thy sire shall know the feat; and, scarce sixteen!
What wilt thou be when ripe,—so bold, when green?

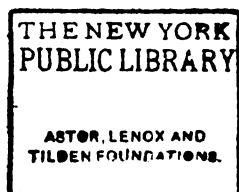


E. T. FAIRIS.

H. COOK.

GEN. OF BEAUTY, N° 3

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR, BY LARGMAN & CO. PATERNOSTER ROW.
AND APPLETON & CO. NEW YORK.



P I T Y.

CALM on its lone and weary mother's breast
The child of poverty has sunk to rest,
Unconscious of the anguish of her soul
That wrings out tears, e'en prayer can scarce control.

Not for herself those tears,—they ceased to flow
For her own cares and sorrows long ago :
They fall for thee, poor babe, her link to life,—
The one last treasure of the widowed wife.

Time was, when that poor mother's heart was light,
When she could sleep, and days were brief and bright.
Contempt and want she only knew by name,
'Till Death, the spoiler, to her dwelling came.

Then all was gloom !—to tread behind the bier
Of him, her sole beloved through many a year ;
The cherished father of her child unborn,
In one dark hour from her embraces torn.

But Pity hath not ceased to hallow earth ;
Lo ! to the pleasant home, the blazing hearth,
The outcast's led by maidens, from whose door
Was never frowned away the sad and poor.

O Pity ! 'tis in woman's gentle breast,
Beyond all other haunts, thou build'st thy nest ;
Thence, o'er life's grief-drowned waste, like dove of yore,
Thou speed'st to say,—“ Be cheered ! the flood is o'er.”



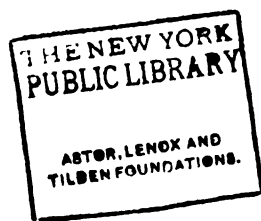
E. T. PARRIS.

H. 1846

The Sleeping Beauty

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

FOR THE PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR THE NEW YORK & CO. LITHOGRAPHIC CO.
AND ADVERTISING CO. NEW YORK.



JEALOUSY.

AND she sleeps on!—
Sleeps like a child! whilst I must wake
The long, dark, midnight for her sake,
With burning brow, and heart of stone!
Oh! once 'twas gentle as her own!
'Till he, the smooth-tongued spoiler, came!
(She smiles the while I speak his name!)
Stole its glad hopes—affections kind—
And left but Jealousy behind.

Still sleeps she on?—
Sleeps heedless of the demon near,
Who whispers in my throbbing ear,
“Fool! shall he praise *her* lips and eyne,
“Who once was eloquent of thine?
“Shall her inferior sicklier charms
“Be folded in *his* circling arms?
“Thy arm is firm, thy heart is steeled!
“Strike, and but once!—her doom is sealed!”

Let her sleep on!
No more to wake: another gasp!
What lies so calmly in her clasp?
His picture—*his*? No; strange the brow
And curling hair: I know thee now,
Dark tempting fiend! A stranger's face,
And not Enrico's that I trace!
Mother of Heaven,—thou all divine!
My thankful tears shall bathe thy shrine!

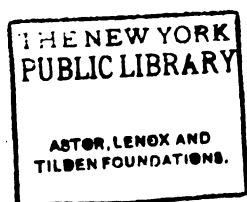


J. T. Smith del.

H. P. Robinson sculp.

By the same artist.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY T. AGNEW & SONS, 15, MARK LANE, E.C. 4.
WITH AN APPENDIX IN NEW YORK.



H O P E.

WHITHER, Siren, roamest thou,
With bright eye, and open brow,
Leading Infancy along
With thy sweet, entrancing song?

Fair deceiver! dost thou go
To the mourner, murmuring low,
By his bed of care and pain,
“Sleep! the spring shall come again?”

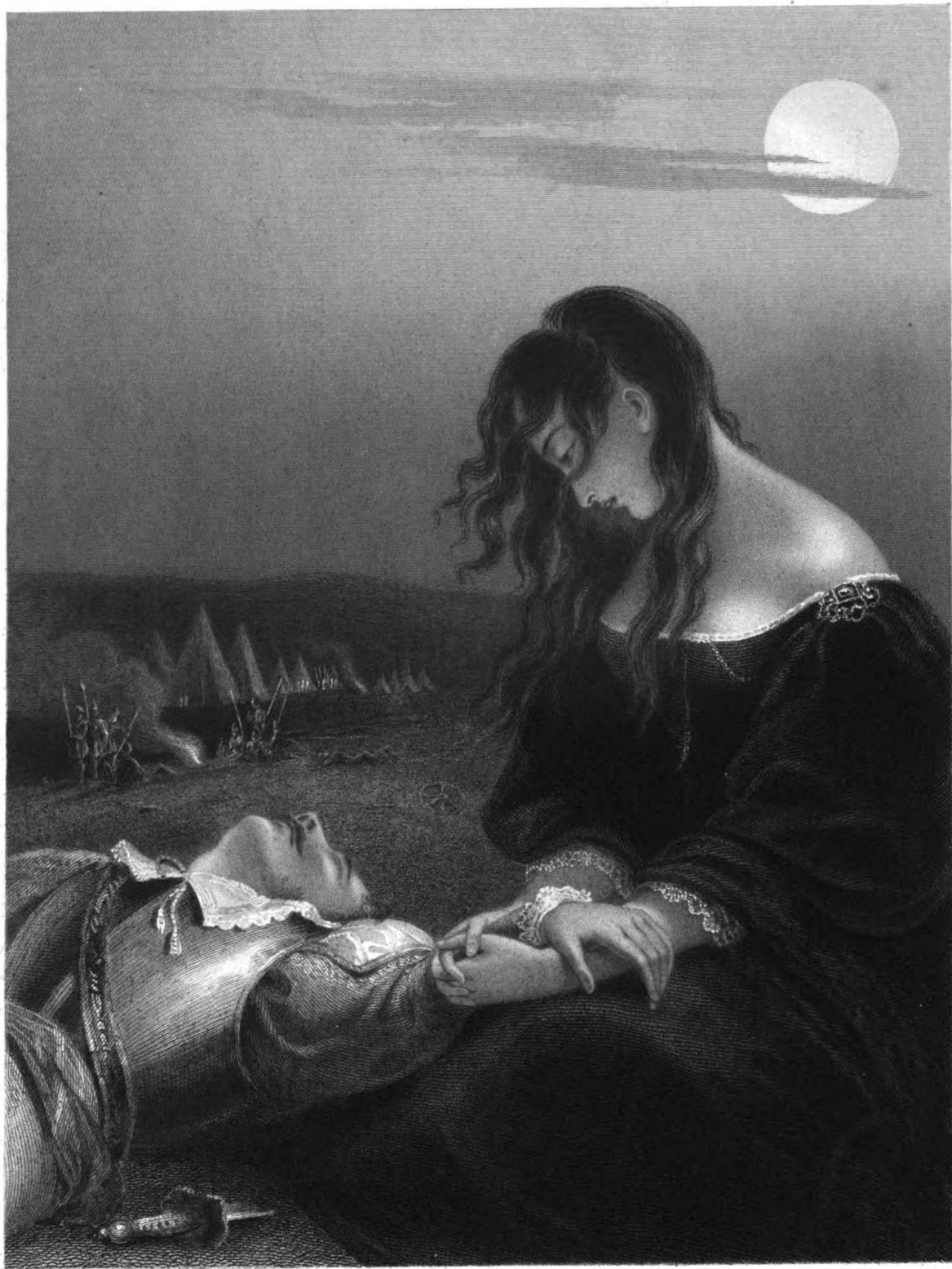
Send'st thou o'er the angry sea,
Dreams of hamlet, field, and tree,
Say'st thou, “Droop not, home is near!”
To the storm-worn voyager?

Tell'st thou Love of sunny hours
By calm lakes, in garden bowers,
(Far away Contempt and Pride),
With the peerless at his side?

Or, in clarion-music loud,
Dost thou call to warrior proud,
“Lo! thy fame?”—or miser cold
Startlest with the chink of gold?

Or for him, who all his nights
Keeps a vigil shared by sprites—
The pale poet—through the gloom
Build'st thou up a laurelled tomb?

Dreams—all dreams—yet who could say
Flatterer, thy false music stay?
Who could break thy wand? not I—
Cheat me, dear one, till I die!



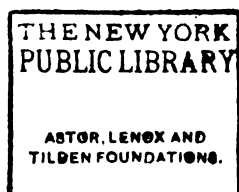
111

W. H. H. H.

The Death of Romeo

GEMS OF BEAUTY NO. 6

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY LUDLOW & CO. 15, MONSTER ROW,
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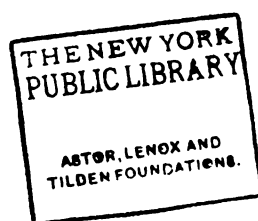


DESPAIR.

AND is it thus we meet? Will this dear hand
Never again press mine? O God! O God!
Is this not some wild dream? *This* is not he
Who late went forth in manhood's stately pride,
With words of hope and courage on his lips,—
Those lips;—their crimson 's now a stain of gore
Never to smile again,—to speak my name,
Or call from Heaven sweet blessings on our babes!
Cold—cold—and stark he lies! and from his breast
His life-blood wells.—Methought...no, all is past!...
That breast which often pillowed this poor head;
Oh, on how many burning feverish nights!
This heavy, icy hand! that chills my blood,
And gives no answering pressure to my own,
Still wears my parting gift—ill-omened ring!
He swore to keep it while his life should last!
My beautiful, my brave! thou'st kept thy vow;
And shall not I keep mine, to follow thee?
Death shall not part us, nor the grave divide;
For death less fearful is than my despair.

CHEERFULNESS.

SPIRIT, with bright and gladsome mien
(That seldom art in cities seen),—
With eyes that shine, and cheeks all glowing,
And robes in careless drapery flowing,
And silken locks, where breezes sly
Linger and sport, and love to sigh.
Thy time of joy is early dawn,—
Thy mates, the deep-eyed startled fawn,
Or timid hares, that lightly pass
With feet that scarcely bend the grass,—
And the glad birds, whose song begun,
Ends with the empire of the sun.
Thy garland—herbs besprent with dew :
Thy mirror—waters, deep and blue :
Thy pleasure-ground—those nooks unseen,
Where even old shepherds scarce have been.
Health bounds triumphant at thy side ;
And rich Pomona, like a bride,
Crowned with earth's luscious treasures, brings
To thy white feet her offerings.
Fain would I leave my cares behind,
And, lured on by the balmy wind,
Seek out thy haunts remote and green,
And share with thee thy joy serene,
Spirit of bright and gladsome mien !



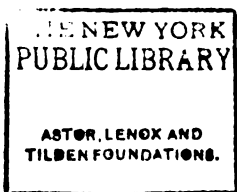
REMO RSE.

WILT thou no more my burning eyelids seal?
And must I ever count the weary hours
Of long, long night, when phantoms of past joys
Rise up to torture me?... O cruel Sleep!
Time was, thou stoop'dst thy wing to close mine eyes
As gently as mild twilight shuts up flowers;
Thou brought'st me dreams,—ah! yes, such joyous dreams.
'Twas pain to wake, even to a life like mine!
But *now*, if o'ertasked nature seeks relief,
And thou dost hear her prayer,—thou send'st me shapes,
Spectres of evil deeds and searing thoughts,—
So dread, I pray to waken!... Shadowy Sleep,
No more an angel—an avenger now!
Yet Peace dwelt here, *here*, in this aching breast,
And Hope did visit it with promise fair:
Where are they now? my solitary guest,
Remorse, replies, “'Twas thine own wilful deed
To drive the seraphs hence; and in their stead
Embrace a demon!”....



A. T. HUGHES.

J. THOMSON.



J O Y.

THEY come! they come! O joyful sight!
Now laugh'st thou at my dream last night?
Look, where yon cloud mounts up in air:
Sister! their rapid steeds are there!

Believest thou *now*? They speed, they fly!
Hence, ye quick tears! nor dim mine eye!
See, in the sun their hands they wave:
Welcome, my faithful and my brave!

He sees, he sees me, Clare! and now!
(*'Tis* Godlike still) he bares his brow:—
Up, cold one! canst thou stand and wait?
Let's greet the heroes at the gate!

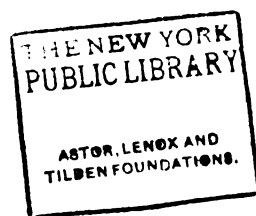


E. T. FARRIS.

H. COOK.

Handwritten signature or mark.

REPRODUCTION OF PLATE 100



E N V Y.

Would that this lordly dwelling were mine own!
Am I not formed to grace its ample state
Better than yon pale bride? Why, she was framed
For a far humbler lot! Those brilliant gems
(Fool! who could rob the orient mines to pour
Their treasures at *her* feet?) flash dazzlingly
O'er her meek brow: she's buried, like the maid
Of Rome, beneath her jewels. I, methinks,
Would wear them well; mine is a fitting mien,
And fitting lineage. Flowers for cottage girls—
Diamonds for her of ancient ancestry.
But men are fools! It chafes me passing speech
To see this pair affect such idle bliss.
His eyes still riveted upon her face;
Hers, bent to earth, as though she were ashamed
To be so loved.—I will—I *must* away!
How can I bear this soulless, senseless joy,
And know my hand is powerless to inflict
On them a wound as painful and as deep
As that which eats, like fire, into my heart!

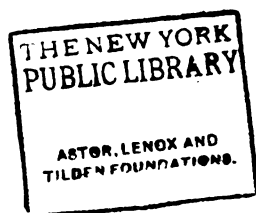


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W. L. G. 1841.

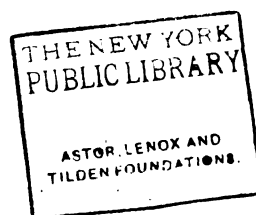


F E A R.

YE angry surges of the troubled deep,
That with unsated vengeance madly sweep
Across its bosom, lashing in your ire
The shattered bark, till through a sea of fire
She seems to reel;—with demon voices telling
Of all the spoils hid in your cavern dwelling.

Not waves are ye, but fiends athirst to slay;
O God! rebuke them ere they snatch their prey!
Command the thunder—it shall cease to roar;
Look on the lightning—and 'twill flash no more!
Press round me, babes! close to my bosom gather,—
Save, ere we perish! Save us, Mighty Father!

Was that a sail that flushed across the abyss?
How the deeps yawn! how the wild waters hiss!
'Twas but a dream, to mock our dying fears—
A gleam again! it is—it is!—she nears!....
Shall we be saved? O life's Eternal Giver,
Thy name be praised for ever, and for ever!



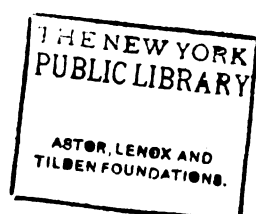


E. J. FARRIS.

W. H. MOTE.

W. H. MOTE.

THE ENGRAVING OF THIS PICTURE WAS THE WORK OF THE ENGRAVER, W. H. MOTE, AND THE DESIGN WAS BY E. J. FARRIS.



L O V E.

“ THE portrait 's like—*how* like! Come, look with me :
 Ay, here's the lofty brow where thought sits throned ;
 The finely chiselled features,—here the mouth,
 Serious, yet sweet, as if fond words dwelt there. . . .
 Ah, me! how oft I've cheated lagging time,
 By feasting on this face !”

“ How changed you are,
 Fair cousin, by this all-engrossing love !
 Time was when you were blithe as are the birds
 Whose careless carols usher in the spring :
 Now mute—abstracted—lost in reverie :
 Your old companions strain their throats in vain ;
 Their playmate heeds them not : your flowers blush out
 Among the summer leaves ; and your white hand
 Deigns not to pluck them *now*.—If this be Love,
 Good angels shield me from his wily snares
 In single blessedness And yet 'tis sweet
 To read such words as these. Ah, well! ah, well!
 The day may come when I, like thou, must sit,
 Cheating with dreams the long and dreary hours
 Of absence ”—

“ Hush, they guess not I am near!
 Or, guessing, deem me still too much a child
 To know what their talk means. But shall not I
 Be loved as Myra, happy Myra, is ?
 And read, like her, love-messages so sweet
 As make all other letters sound unkind
 Alas! I have but fifteen summers seen ;
 And Myra, happy girl, is twenty-one!

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

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